

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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No. 4

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE GLORY OF THE LATTER DAYS.

Our God, our God, thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear;
Here goes thy glorious way.

We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore;
On us thou streamest strong and bright,
Thy comings are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee,
New births are in thy grace:
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

On us thy Spirit thou hast poured,
To us thy word has come;
We feel, we thank thy quickening, Lord;
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise,
Be this thy mighty hour!
And make thy willing people wise
To know thy day of power!

—*Thomas H. Gill.*

SELF-CONSECRATION.

II.

Assuming it as established that we ought to make God's love paramount in our hearts, how are we to accomplish it?

It will be unnecessary to do more than briefly indicate the mode in which the performance of all *other* duties assist in the preparation for, and fulfilment of, this one.

Social duties assist it by fitting our hearts, through human love, for the love divine.

Personal duties assist it by that purification and enlargement of our souls, which, by rendering them more perfect, enables them continually to approach nearer to a perfect God.

Religious duties, such as direct worship and the cultivation of faith, assist it immediately by developing the sentiments in which it takes rise.

Finally, supposing all these to be fulfilled to the bounds of our powers, there yet remains the grand act of the soul, whereby it consciously and freely accepts its high destiny and resolves to assert the whole energy of its will to fulfil it; namely, "to approximate itself to God forever." In that eternal approach to God and goodness man sees before him, converging into one radiant focus of virtue and happiness alike, the behests of the holy law, the design of God on creation, and the aspirations of his own highest nature. The scope embraced by the resolution to dedicate existence to this glorious end involves a scheme of life I cannot attempt to indicate save in faintest outline. Not to the mere theorist, but to the happy soul which dwells therein, can it belong to paint in its hues of heaven that "Beulah" of the far-travelled pilgrim, whom Death's River itself scarce divides from the near City of God.

This, at least, is clear. Religion would be the living heart of such a life. Not only would religious duties be performed and religious affections cultivated, but they would

become in genuine truth the central cares, the primary joys of existence. Everything would be given up unreservedly and unhesitatingly to further the great aim of union with God. The man would lay out the plan of his external life, so as to the utmost of his abilities to aid the progress of the inner. Among the professions open to him, he would choose the one leading him farthest from worldliness and nearest to God. In making his friendships and connections, he would look to moral and religious qualifications before all other; and this he would do, not by violent compulsion of his own affections (a violence which, in such relations, is false and immoral), but by the spontaneous sympathies which religious and moral affinities would produce in his heart. In minor matters his pursuits and pleasures, and the hours appropriated to them, would be regulated with the same view to the reservation of all his best delights.

Secondly, the man's whole possessions—time, talents, worldly wealth—would be held by him as things whereby he could do God's work in the world. The relief of his creatures' sufferings, the contribution to their happiness, and, above all, the assistance to their piety and virtue,—these would be his real, heartfelt aims; and, while fulfilling the duties nearest to his hand, he would be ever stretching out after fresh means of usefulness. In a word, his *all* of existence would be truly a gift to God. Made a free agent by the most marvellous act omnipotence itself could perform, he is able thus to make himself a free gift; to take, as it were, his whole life, mortal and immortal, and, without one reservation or one unhallowed thought or feeling, dedicate it forever to be a life in God and for God.

Where have we now arrived? Is it not at that doctrine of SACRIFICE which has pervaded all the religions of the earth? Is it not here where religion and morality culminate and unite, where worship has led man's intuition in all ages, even to that mystery of self-oblation which has found its types from the earliest holocaust of the mythic patriarchs to yesterday's Christian eucharist? How deep the foundations of the idea of sacrifice must lie in human nature is proved by the enormity of the honors to which its misdirected impulse has led. Let the Aztec's gory altars, the Phœnicians fiery shrines, the Hindu's crushing cars, attest the might of the sentiment which has demanded such manifestation.

By whatever path, religious or moral, we advance, it appears that the doctrine of Sacrifice necessarily at a certain stage presents itself. Morality shows itself as the consummation of human virtue, wherein the finite, righteous will of man freely sinks itself in the infinite righteous will of God. Religion leads us to it through all her lessons; through *gratitude* she urges us to give back all to him who has bestowed all on us, through *adoration* to assimilate our souls to the Perfect Spirit of God; and, lastly, through devout *prayer* to present the offering of an absolutely contented will. In sacrifice, the sacrifice of *some* vicious desire, must all virtue and religion begin. In sacrifice, the entire and final sacrifice of soul and body, must all virtue and religion culminate. When the true self of man stands out in the sunlight of full consciousness, and, assuming the sacred priesthood of a free intelligence, immolates on the altar of God his own lower nature,—“the flesh, with its affections and lusts,”—then the great mystery of religion is accomplished. There is nothing further needed, no more atonement possible, since union itself has taken place. Only this action must be sustained throughout eternity, and magnified by each access of being in our ever-growing souls.

It is, of course, in actual prayer that this deed of sacrifice is, as it were, concreted and embodied. The Christian, when he commemorates the most perfect of such sacrifices ever made by man,—the virtuous life and martyr-death of Christ,—at the same time that he “presents his own soul and body, the reasonable, holy, and acceptable sacrifice,” stands the connecting link between the bloody symbol of the slaughtered lamb and the spiritual idea of self-immolation. With such material type or without it, the Jew and the Moslem, the Parsee, Buddhist, Brahmin, Druid, Greek,—all have felt the same truth,—self-oblation is man's highest worship: “Thy will be done,” the central clause of the world's great prayer. *Frances Power Cobbe, in “Religious Duty.”*

THE STILL HOUR.

PRAYER OF ONE WHO DESIRES A MORE EQUAL
WALK WITH GOD.

Father, I thank thee that thou hast unveiled thy face to me, and suffered me to behold the beauty of thy holiness. And, when I see thee, I know that thou art my

strength, my peace, my consolation, my portion forever. Then I have no desire but to be one with thee in heart and life, to do and bear all thy wise and loving will. But I cannot long dwell at the height whence I see thee always. I sink only too easily to the common level of a worldly life, where meaner desires reassert their power, and old temptations charm once more, and visible and temporal things hide the things that are unseen and eternal. And, when I would fain fly upward to the clearer air of thy presence, my strength fails me, till at last I almost lose the desire to rise above the dull round of habitual duty, the blinding mists of common interests and passions. Then, O God, I see thy face no more, till from thyself descends a season of refreshing, and the parted clouds again reveal the sun of my soul.

O Father, show thyself more often to my chilled and darkened spirit, even if it cannot be that I should see thee always. Give me strength and courage to abide always where thou dwellest, in the region of self-forgetfulness and true self-sacrifice. Fill me with noble hopes and large purposes for mankind: make my heart to glow with ample charities, and mould it to a fine courtesy. Strengthen me to love what thou lovest, to abhor what thou abhorrest, to do thy will with a joyful courage; and whatever burdens thou layest on me, to bear them bravely, even unto the hill of crucifixion. Only let me be near thee, in thy work and will, and peradventure I shall see thee in thy brightness. When the season of less buoyant hope and feebler energy, and a faith that sees thee no more, but can only feel after thee, if haply it may find thee, again darkens upon my soul, help me to recollect thy former goodness with true and lively gratitude, and to remember how, after the leaden clouds and the driving rain, always returned the cheerful sun and the endless depths of heaven. And, even if these seasons of clear shining be few, and separated by many dreary days, give me grace to remember the eternal noon of life to come, in which I shall know even as I am known, and so make myself ready for that beatific vision by faith and fidelity. — *Alone to the Alone.*

Resignation is not a passive and unaspiring content with life and the world as they are, but it is a faithful acceptance of God's sovereignty and God's purpose and God's method. — *Philip Moxom.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I wish to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends who have sent me books and magazines. Will say that sickness has caused me not to write thanks to some of them. I loan the books around and pass the other papers on to such parties as will appreciate them. I hope the kind friends will continue to send me anything that will do good used in that way. J. W. Phouts, Furches, North Carolina.

2. I want to thank the friends through the *Cheerful Letter* for their kindness in sending me books and papers which have been enjoyed and eagerly read by every member of the family. I would be glad if some one would send me Myer's "General History." This book I want real bad for the benefit of the family. I would like to receive *Munsey's Magazine*, "Black Beauty," and any other books that are sound and instructive. I will send thanks in advance for the book that I have asked for. May God's richest blessings rest on all readers of the *Cheerful Letter*. Mrs. Cora L. Lancaster, Floyd, Virginia, Route 1, Box 35.

3. Mrs. Minnie Ham, R. F. D. No. 1, Independence, Virginia, who is too poor to buy reading, would be so very glad to receive books and magazines which would be read by many others as well as herself.

4. Maury's "Elementary Geography" is asked for by Ethel Brown, Verano, Virginia.

5. Current magazines will be very welcome for the table of Proctor Academy, Andover, New Hampshire.

6. Mrs. Lela C. Herndon, Indiantown, Virginia, will be grateful for either Guyot's or Swinton's "Geography," *Art Interchange*, a sixth reader, and a rhetoric.

7. Mrs. R. L. Pratt, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, will be glad of Sunday-school books for small children.

8. Mollie Meade, Palmer, Illinois, asks for a history of the United States.

9. Mrs. J. W. Burch, Sandidges, Virginia, will be thankful for any reading.

10. Mrs. Sulie Tadlock, Reck, Indian Territory, would be glad of a book of dialogues.

11. Mrs. F. P. Doyle, Martinsville, Virginia, asks for reading suitable for children from six to fourteen years of age.

12. General reading is asked for by Mrs. A. L. Keelyn, Ansonville, North Carolina.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE ART OF QUICK DRESSING.

To be able to dress rapidly and in a small space is an accomplishment, a habit, which, although it takes long to acquire, will hold to one through life when once learned. Some time or other, many times, indeed, it will be necessary to dress very quickly. A child may be taken with the croup in the middle of the night, and to be able to put on one's clothes as rapidly as a boy takes them off when he goes swimming may be the means of saving a life.

Boys may be taught to do this,—the younger the better. The movements used in dressing, such as pulling on or lacing up shoes, buttoning the waist, drawing on the trousers or blouse, are a healthy exercise in themselves. If there are two boys in the family, they may race, to see which can get dressed first. No time should be allowed to hunt for things. It is a game of order, as well as speed. All the apparel needed for the day should be placed in a convenient place, so that it can be found easily and quickly.

Girls, too, need to acquire the habit of dressing quickly. From the point of view of the husband and father, one of the sterling qualities of the woman or girl is to dress quickly. She can be just as prettily attired, the prettier the better: there is such a thing as dressing well and dressing quickly. Let her get the habit as the boy has it, and it cannot be said of her, when she grows up to be a wife and mother, that her husband will need a fresh shave while waiting for her to accompany him for the evening.

Mothers make a mistake in dressing or helping to dress children after a certain age. If for no other reason than discipline, training in self-reliance and drilling the child to take care of itself are of enough importance

to deserve the attention of any mother. Watching the fireman get from his bed to his place on the hose-cart or ladder-truck will show what can be done in the way of quick and thorough dressing.—*Youth's Companion*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

HOW PLANTS CLIMB, MOVE, AND TAKE POSITIONS.

II.

20. *Tendril-climbers* are best illustrated by such plants as *Passion-flowers*. Here the tendril is a simple thread-like shoot, for the purpose of climbing and nothing else. This is the most exquisite, and under many circumstances the most advantageous, as it is one of the commonest of the contrivances for climbing. The tendril, as it grows, stretches out horizontally, as if in search of a supporting object. More slender than a stem or any other sort of stalk, it can thus extend farther at the least expense of material.

21. In the most perfect tendrils, and notably in the slender *Passion-flowers* (such as the annual *Passiflora gracilis*, and the maple-leaved species, *P. acerifolia*, opportunities for securing a hold are much increased by the revolving of the tendril. It sweeps circuits, like the stem of a twiner, although with less regularity, sometimes, however, with greater rapidity. In hot weather these tendrils often move through the complete circle in an hour or less, or even so fast that the motion of the end of a long tendril may sometimes be distinctly seen in a part of its course. The revolving of tendrils is more fitful than that of twining stems. They often stop for a while, or move very slowly or irregularly. Some tendrils, as we shall soon see, do not revolve at all.

22. If a tendril does not reach anything, after attaining its full growth and remaining for some time outstretched, it then either coils up from the end or else becomes flabby, hangs down in an exhausted state, dies, and withers away.

23. When, however, the fresh and active tendril comes in contact with a neighboring stalk, or any similar support, it hooks or coils its end round it: then, having secured a hold, it shortens by coiling up its whole length, or a good part of it. This commonly draws up the climbing stem nearer to its

support, and makes it easier for the younger tendrils above to gain their hold. A tendril which has taken hold and coiled up usually becomes stouter, rigid, and much stronger than it was before. One which would break with an ounce weight becomes capable of supporting two or three pounds.

24. There is a difference to be noticed between the coiling of a free tendril and of one which has taken hold. The loose tendril coils up, if at all, from the end, and in a simple spiral or curl. But, when attached to a support, both ends being fixed, it cannot coil in this way. It has to coil in the middle; and the coiling of one part, say from right to left, requires another part to twist as much in the opposite direction. So the coil has a break in the middle, half twisting one way and half the other way, as is shown in the lower tendril of the figure. A longer tendril often has three or four, or even five or six, such breaks, the portions coiled successively in opposite directions.

25. Pumpkins, squashes, and all the Gourd Family furnish excellent examples of these actions of tendrils. Their tendrils are like those of Passion-flowers, except that they are mostly branched or compound, and, like the claws of a bird, stretch out in several directions.

26. There is great variety in the behavior of different tendrils. Those of the Grapevine do not make sweeps, but stretch out away from the light, or in the direction from which least light comes,—an instinct which is apt to lead them to a support,—and the two forks diverge, as if feeling for something to lay hold of. When they reach anything that can be surrounded, one fork commonly grasps from one side, the other from the opposite side, somewhat as an object would be grasped by a thumb and finger.

27. The more branching tendrils of the Virginia Creeper equally turn from the light, and therefore toward the wall or trunk, which this climber delights to occupy and cover. When their tips reach the wall, they expand into a disk or flat plate, which adheres firmly to the surface. This particularly adapts the Virginia Creeper to ascending walls or other flat surfaces. The tendrils which do not attach themselves remain slender, and in a week or two shrink and wither away. Those that do usually spread their branches widely apart, like fingers of an outstretched hand, form their disks and fix them fast to the wall: then they contract more or less into coils, and at

length grow stronger and more rigid, so that they last for years, and endure a pretty heavy strain without breaking or parting from the wall. It is most interesting to see how the strain is divided by these five or six separate attachments, by the coiling of each branch to give elasticity, so that the pull shall come upon all at once, and to note the strengthening of the whole by the formation of more woody fibre. The strain is distributed among the branches, and the whole combination is so strong that it is rarely torn away by wind or storm.

28. In revolving tendrils the most wonderful thing to remark is the way in which they avoid winding themselves around the stem they belong to. The active tendrils are of course near the top of the stem or branch. The growing summit beyond the tendril now seeking a support is often turned over to one side, so that the tendril, revolving almost horizontally, has a clear sweep above it. But, as the growing stem lengthens and rises, the tendril might strike against it and be wound up around it. It never does. If we watch these slender Passion-flowers, which show the revolving so well in a sultry day, we may see, with wonder, that, when a tendril, sweeping horizontally, comes round so that its base nears the parent stem rising above it, it stops short, *rises stiffly upright, moves on in this position until it passes by the stem, then rapidly comes down again to the horizontal position*, and moves on so until it again approaches and again avoids the impending obstacle!

29. Other equally curious illustrations might be given, but these may serve the purpose of opening the eyes to what is going on around us, awaken an intelligent interest, and excite to further observation. They are enough to make it clear that the two vegetable prodigies described at the beginning of this chapter, surprising as they are, have no peculiar endowments. Climbing plants generally, and tendril-climbers especially, exhibit both the free movements of the one and the movement in response to external irritation of the other. The sweeping round of tendrils is like the movement of the leaflets of *Desmodium gyrans*. Their coiling upon contact, and the similar coiling of some leaf-stalks, are to be compared with the movement of the leaflets and leaf-stalks of the Sensitive Plant.

30. This becomes evident when the motion is quick enough to be seen by the eye. It has already been stated that a very long ten-

dril of one of the slender Passion-flowers has often been seen to move. Still oftener may it be seen to coil up at the tip when gently rubbed. This is also to be seen in the Bur-cucumber (*Sicyos*) a common weed of the Gourd Family. When, in a sultry summer day, we gently rub, with a stick or with the finger, the upper end of a vigorous tendril, it will respond within half a minute by coiling up so rapidly that the motion may be distinctly seen. It will soon straighten, but will coil again if the rubbing is repeated. If a stick be left in contact, the coiling will be permanent; and a downward propagation of the same action is what throws the whole tendril into spiral coils.—“*How Plants Behave*,” Gray.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

II.

I was born on the 4th December, 1822, at sunrise, in the morning. There had been a memorable storm during the night, and Dublin, where my father had taken a house that my mother might be near her doctor, was strewn with the wrecks of trees and chimney pots. My parents had already four sons, and after the interval of five years, since the birth of the youngest, a girl was by no means welcome. I have never had reason, however, to complain of being less cared for or less well treated in every way than my brothers. If I have become in mature years a “Woman’s Rights Woman,” it has not been because in my own person I have been made to feel a Woman’s Wrongs. On the contrary, my brothers’ kindness and tenderness to me have been unailing from my infancy. I was their “little Fà’,” their pet and plaything when they came home for their holidays; and rough words, not to speak of knocks, never reached me from any of them or from my many masculine cousins, some of whom, as my father’s wards, I hardly distinguished in childhood from brothers.

A few months after my birth my parents moved to a house named Bower Hill Lodge in Melksham, which my father hired, I believe, to be near his boys at school. Before I was four years old we returned to Newbridge, and I was duly installed with my good old Irish nurse, Mary Malone, in the large nursery at the end of the north corridor,—the most charming room for a child’s abode I have ever seen. It was

so distant from the regions inhabited by my parents that I was at full liberty to make any amount of noise I pleased; and from the three windows I possessed a commanding view of the stable-yard, wherein there was always visible an enchanting spectacle of dogs, cats, horses, grooms, gardeners, and milkmaids. A grand old courtyard it is, a quadrangle about a rood in size, surrounded by stables, coach-houses, kennels, a laundry, a beautiful dairy, a laborers’ room, a paint shop, a carpenter’s shop, a range of granaries and fruit-lofts with a great clock in the pediment in the centre, and a well in the midst of all. Behind the stables and the kennels appear the tops of walnut and chestnut trees, and over the coach-houses on the other side can be seen the beautiful old kitchen garden of six acres, with its lichen-covered red brick walls, backed again by trees, and its formal straight terraces and broad grass walks.

In this healthful, delightful nursery, and in walks with my nurse about the lawns and shrubberies, the first years of my happy childhood went by, fed in body with the freshest milk and eggs and fruit, everything best for a child, and in mind supplied only with the simple, sweet lessons of my gentle mother. No unwholesome food, physical or moral, was ever allowed to come in my way till body and soul had almost grown to their full stature. When I compare such a lot as this (the common lot, of course, of English girls of the richer classes, blessed with good fathers and mothers) with the case of the hapless young creatures who are fed from infancy with insufficient and unwholesome food, perhaps dosed with gin and opium from the cradle, and who, even as they acquire language, learn foul words, curses and blasphemies,—when I compare, I say, my happy lot with the miserable one of tens of thousands of my brother men and sister women, I feel appalled to reflect by how different a standard must they and I be judged by eternal justice!

My childhood, though a singularly happy, was an unusually lonely one. My dear mother, very soon after I was born, became lame from a trifling accident to her ankle (ill-treated, unhappily, by the doctors); and she was never once able in all her life to take a walk with me. Of course I was brought to her continually: first to be nursed,—for she fulfilled that sacred duty of motherhood to all her children, believing that she could never be so sure of the health-

fulness of any other woman's constitution as of her own. Later, I seem to my own memory to have been often cuddled up close to her on her sofa, or learning my little lessons, mounted on my high chair beside her, or repeating the Lord's Prayer at her knee. All these memories are infinitely sweet to me. Her low, gentle voice, her smile, her soft breast and arms, the atmosphere of dignity which always surrounded her, the very odor of her clothes and lace, redolent of dried roses, come back to me after three-score years with nothing to mar their sweetness. She never once spoke angrily or harshly to me in all her life, much less struck or punished me; and I—it is a comfort to think it—never, so far as I can recall, disobeyed or seriously vexed her. She had regretted my birth, thinking that she could not live to see me grow to womanhood, and shrinking from a renewal of the cares of motherhood with the additional anxiety of a daughter's education. But I believe she soon reconciled herself to my existence, and made me, first her pet, and then her companion and even her counsellor. She told me, laughingly, how, when I was four years old, my father happening to be away from home, she made me dine with her, and, as I sat in great state beside her on my little chair, I solemnly remarked: "Mamma, is it not a very *comflin* thing to have a little girl?" an observation which she justly thought went to prove that she had betrayed sufficiently to my infantine perspicacity that she enjoyed my company at least as much as hers was enjoyed by me.

My fifth birthday was the first milestone on Life's road which I can recall. I recollect being brought in the morning into my mother's darkened bedroom (she was already then a confirmed invalid), and how she kissed and blessed me, and gave me childish presents, and also a beautiful emerald ring which I still possess, and pearl bracelets which she fastened on my little arms. No doubt she wished to make sure that, whenever she might die, these trinkets should be known to be mine. She and my father also gave me a Bible and Prayer Book, which I could read quite well, and proudly took next Sunday to church for my first attendance, when the solemn occasion was much disturbed by a little girl in a pew below howling for envy of my white beaver bonnet, displayed in the forefront of the gallery which formed our family seat. "Why did little Miss Robinson cry?" I was deeply in-

quisitive on the subject, having then and always, during my childhood, regarded "best clothes" with abhorrence.

Two years later my grandmother, having bestowed on me, at Bath, a sky-blue silk pelisse, I managed nefariously to tumble down on purpose into a gutter full of melted snow the first day it was put on, so as to be permitted to resume my little cloth coat.

Now, aged five, I was emancipated from the nursery and allowed to dine thenceforward at my parents' late dinner, while my good nurse was settled for the rest of her days in a pretty ivy-covered cottage, with large garden, at the end of the shrubbery. She lived there for several years, with an old woman for servant, whom I can well remember, but who must have been of great age, for she had been under-dairy-maid to my great-great-grandfather, the archbishop, and used to tell us stories of "old times." This "old Ally's" great-grandchildren were still living, recently in the family service in the same cottage which poor "Nanno" occupied. Ally was the last wearer of the real old Irish scarlet cloak in our part of the country; and I can remember admiring it greatly when I used to run by her side and help her to carry her bundle of sticks. Since those days, even the long blue frieze cloak which succeeded universally to the scarlet—a most comfortable, decent, and withal graceful peasant garment, very like the blue cotton one of the Arab fellah-women—has itself nearly or totally disappeared in Fingal.

Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, Sunday, July 8th, 1838.

My dear James,—To-day we had Mr. May to preach for us, and he preached abolition in the most unhesitating manner. I was delighted with his earnest fearlessness—and he has wonderfully improved both in the manner and substance of his preaching. How it develops a man to get thoroughly roused upon some great subject! He made the Watertown congregation stare. Tom remarked, coming home, what an "expressive, go-ahead, give-it-to-them-right-and-left sort of style" he had.

By the way, I understand that William Channing* has become an Abolitionist and

* William Henry Channing.

has thought of devoting himself to the cause. We went to hear him preach at Brighton last Sunday, and I am confirmed in my original impression that he is one of the most conscience-stirring preachers that I have ever heard. To my mind he is far more forcible than Mr. —, but others do not agree with me. I have scarcely ever heard a sermon that affected me so powerfully as his last Sunday on "Regeneration." I compared it in my own mind with yours on the same subject and found it quite different, though essentially the same in doctrine. He does not explain it so clearly as you do, but he makes the necessity of it more apparent.

But what do you think of —'s defection? Does it not astonish you that he should become an Episcopalian, of all things? It always seemed to me that something or other was the matter with him, but I did not guess that he was under the shadow of "the Church."

I am glad you wrote a respectful answer to Mr. —. He feels very sore upon that subject, for he was in the wrong and probably is well aware of it himself.

Mr. Emerson is to preach the sermon to the Theological School next Sunday evening by their invitation. I am told he is very glad of the opportunity, and says he would not let them off for a good deal. Mr. Ware and the rest think him *dangerous*. I am glad you like Mr. Bellows so much, and wish you might have him for a neighbor.

I have not been to see Mr. Allston again; for I have not touched a pencil since that visit, and, till I have practised his precepts a little, I do not wish to go. I confess his philosophy puzzled me somewhat, though I agree with him that there is a unity in nature.

Carlyle's "Miscellanies" are published. Thank you for the copy you gave me. I wanted it much for my condensed library. Mr. Lovering was here to-day and says that Carlyle is coming here next winter to deliver in Boston the same lectures on Literature which he gave in London last winter so successfully. "C'est inconcevable, ça"; nevertheless we will believe it.

Yours ever,

SARAH.

Let thy spirit burn with a steady light. Thou canst not know when another shall catch the sacred fire from thee.—*Lessons of the Days.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

I.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.

Take one word from each of the following quotations, and make a passage from Paul's Epistle to the Galatians.

1. Let him go free.
2. Let us make man in our own image.
3. Thou shalt not steal.
4. Let the Lord be your fear.
5. They shall run and not be weary.
6. Our Father who art in heaven.
7. That it may be well with thee.
8. Doing that which is right in the sight of the Lord.

—Contributed.

II.

ROMAN LETTER PUZZLE.

A King of Israel.

Five hundred + one of the vowels + five + one + five hundred.

—The Invalid Lady.

III.

RIDDLE.

In anguish at my side,
Many innocent have died;
Yet gaining me brings pleasure to the winner.

When planted in the ground,
I'm used to mark a bound;
And often I am served up hot for dinner.

—Youths' Companion.

IV.

RIDDLE.

I'm good when eaten, if not too green,
An animal product, not fat nor lean,
Not meat, not oil, not fowl nor fish;
A choice addition to many a dish;
I'm neither baked, nor fried, nor boiled;
Some like me stale, and almost boiled.

K. L. W.

V.

HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES.

The names are hidden in two words. One name, alone, does not count.

1. That vial may contain poison.
2. I saw a man dart to the rescue, just in time to save the child.
3. What nice lemonade Lina makes!
4. Emma Ryerson sings beautifully.

5. I believe Jack ate those pears.
6. I love to roam in Nature's haunts.
7. It is a very mild red wine.
8. Bring one of those red napkins.

VI.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is that which no one wishes to have, is of no use to any one, which no one would accept as a gift, yet many people borrow it; which many people give and take unnecessarily, which we should never give to others if we can help it, but should always take kindly if others give it to us?
2. My uncle's sister is not my aunt. What relation is she to me?
3. What is the sailor's safety, mother's pet, grandma's terror and delight?
4. What is that we all have seen, but none will ever see again, I ween?
5. What is that none did ever see? What never was, but always is to be?
6. A blind beggar lived in Naples. The blind beggar had a brother. The brother died. What relation to the man who died was the blind beggar?

—Original and Selected.

Answers to Puzzles in the August Number.

- I. Erase the ciphers at the top, and at the ends of arms, then add one at the base.

II. FINE
IDEA
NEAR
EARL

- III. 1. Swallow. 2. Cross. 3. Dove.
4. Wren. 5. Sparrow. 6. Gander.

IV. A river.

V. Harpsichord.

- VI. 1. An Irish bull. 2. One is a whole cod, the other is a coalhod. 3. The moon.

BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.*

On her dyed fingers were jewelled rings, and about her neck was a chain of silver coins about the size of a half-dollar, with one larger coin hanging as a pendant from the centre. This necklace, technically known as "the pieces of silver," is always the bridegroom's principal gift and is emblematic. The bride must always guard it with the

greatest care; for, should it be stolen or a single piece be lost, she becomes disgraced in the eyes of her husband and neighbors and can never be restored to favor unless it is found. Thus wives naturally watch over it more jealously than over all their other possessions. The idea dates back from time immemorial. We find mention of it in the Bible, where "the piece of silver" in Christ's parable refers not to some ordinary silver coin, but to a part of this valuable necklace. When the "piece" is lost by a woman, the loser will "sweep the house and seek diligently till she find it. And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying: Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I had lost."

We saw some women baking bread in a public oven, and others grinding corn; and I dismounted to watch them.

A mud hut encloses the oven. The dough is laid on a layer of flat stones to be baked. The stones are covered with fuel, such as chaff and thorns, which is never allowed to go out, but is kept smouldering continuously, night and day. Hence the Biblical metaphor of chaff thrown into the everlasting and undying fire.

Corn is ground between two flat mill-stones. A double handle is attached to the upper stone and is turned by two women. This mode of flour-making is also mentioned in the Bible: "Two women shall be grinding together."—"Syria from the Saddle," Albert Payson Terhune.

HOUSEHOLD TOPICS.

I am surprised that so many people do not know that excellent ink and mucilage can be made at home. For ink I take a package of slate dye (Diamond dye), cover it with a little less than a pint of boiling water, and let it boil for one minute, when it is ready for use.

For mucilage, buy five cents' worth of dextrine, from the druggist, who will probably tell you that it makes no difference whether you use hot water or cold, but it *does*. The mucilage will be much clearer, stickier, and in every way more satisfactory if *hot* water is used. Pour it on the dextrine gradually, stirring with a stick or brush

*The first passage refers to a wedding which took place about ten miles from Nefr. Hawar in Syria.

until it is smooth and of the desired thinness. It spoils easily, but a little boric acid will keep it from moulding. A *little* mucilage is sometimes needed in a hurry, when neither paste nor dextrine is at hand. It can be made by boiling a spoonful of sugar in just enough water to dissolve, and letting it come to a boil.

J. K. L.

I cannot drink either tea or milk. Tea makes me nervous and fresh milk disagrees with me. I find that condensed milk dissolved in hot water makes a delicious and refreshing drink for cold weather. I prefer the Rose brand, which is sold at ten cents a can, and is fully as good as many higher-priced ones. I used it for twelve years and never found a sour can. I have seen it fed with good results to a baby who threw up breast milk so constantly that she lacked proper nourishment

O. M.

THE CARE OF DOGS.

Make your dog your companion and friend. Treat him kindly, and he will respond in kind. Remember that his health and comfort are absolutely dependent on your care.

Give him a dry place to sleep in,—warm in winter and cool in summer. See that his sleeping-place is kept clean. A clean dog is generally free from mange or vermin. If you have a house for him, see that the floor is tight and raised six inches from the ground, or he will be sure to have rheumatism. A dog-house should be protected from cold winds, should face the south, and in winter should have a flap of carpet or canvas over the door to keep out snow and rain. None but dogs of strong, vigorous breed, used to outdoor life, should be kept in such quarters.

Feed twice daily, a light meal in the morning, a heavier meal at night. Table scraps, with plenty of vegetables and not too much meat, and little or no fat, make good fare for the ordinary house dog. Don't give small bones, particularly fish or chicken bones. Don't give milk to grown dogs. Don't give sweets of any kind.

Small dogs of the more delicate breeds should be fed on crackers and stale or toasted bread, moistened with broth and mixed with a little lean meat well cooked.

Boiled liver, once or twice a week, is good for most dogs, on account of its effect as a mild laxative. Puppies should be fed at least six times a day on milk which has been

scalded, but not boiled: to it can gradually be added broken crackers and other solid food. Sour milk should be given frequently, as it is a preventive of worms.

Give your dog plenty of clean, fresh water, where he can get at it any time, day and night. This will help more than almost anything else to keep him well, happy, and good-tempered.

Do not wash your dog too often. Careful daily brushing will keep him clean for a long time, and rubbing down with chamois mittens will give the coat the gloss so highly prized by fanciers.

Wash, when necessary, at least two hours after feeding, using lukewarm water, with some good soap. Rinse thoroughly in lukewarm water and dry carefully with coarse towels. Salt or flour bags answer the purpose. Large rough-haired dogs, like St. Bernards and collies, can best be cleaned by sponging off the outer coat and then giving a good brushing. Delicate long-haired breeds, such as Yorkshires and poodles, should be dried before the fire. Comb and brush carefully, being careful not to snarl or break the hair. Never use a fine tooth comb.

For fleas on long-haired dogs stand the animal on a square of strong white cloth, wet the dog's head and neck thoroughly with lukewarm water, then dust insect powder into the fur all over the rest of the body, and gather the cloth up around him closely, leaving the head free. In five or ten minutes drop the cloth and brush out the powder. Any fleas that remain will be stupefied and can be easily caught. Short-haired dogs troubled with fleas should be washed with one of the soaps made especially for this purpose, and then carefully combed and brushed.

All dogs, large or small, should have plenty of exercise. To a dog, exercise is life.

Do not chain your dog or keep him confined for any length of time. If you do, the chances are that, when you release him, he will run away. If you wish to keep him in restraint for a few days till he gets wonted to his home, stretch a stout wire between two points forty or fifty feet apart and loop a chain on the wire so that the dog can move freely back and forth.

Fits are convulsions of an epileptic nature and may be caused by excitement, worms, teething, exhaustion, overheating, brain troubles, suckling puppies, or indigestion. Do not make the mistake of supposing that

because a dog has a fit he has gone mad. When a dog has a fit, put him in a dark, quiet place, in a cellar or a large closet. Pour cold water or put ice on his head and keep the body warm. An old and standard remedy is to put a teaspoonful of salt well back on the tongue. In this, as in all other canine diseases, it is wise to consult a good veterinarian as promptly as possible.*—*Our Four-footed Friends.*

[It is probably very seldom that a dog or cat goes mad. Usually the poor animal is merely suffering from illness caused by warm weather. In most cases the best treatment is to set fresh water near him, and let him alone. Within a few days a case came under our notice, which in some localities might have led to serious results. A pet cat suddenly turned and bit the hand of some one who was stroking him, and then growled (a thing he seldom did). Instead of getting up a hydrophobia scare, his friends said, "Why, he must be in pain!" and procured him some catnip as soon as possible. "He just went for it!" and ate almost a square (dried catnip). He was languid several days, but now is pretty well again.

In one case mentioned lately in a Boston paper, a poor dog was reported mad, and, when visited by the agent of the Animal League Rescue, it proved that he was suffering for want of water and food, the human beings supposed to be of superior intelligence to animals having kept him shut up without either, until he was frantic with thirst and almost starved. ED.]

"I have one preacher that I love better than any other on earth: it is my little tame robin, which preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon my window-sill, especially at night. He hops on to the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops on a tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing and goes fast to sleep, and leaves to-morrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth." *Martin Luther.*

*The leaflet on "The Care of Dogs" can be obtained at the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston. Price, per hundred, 40 cents; per dozen, 10 cents; single copies, 2 cents. Postage paid.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with
care.

I'll help to lift them from their low despair—
When I have time.

When I have time, the friends I love so well
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;
I'll lead their feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer their hearts with words of sweetest
praise—

When I have time.

When you have time, the friends you hold
so dear

May be beyond the reach of all your sweet
intent,

May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill their lives with sweet content—

When you had time.

Now is the time. Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

TO THE BICYCLIST BENDING FORWARD.

O youth, who bending forward ride apace,
With melancholy stamped upon your face,
Pursuing pleasure with a frenzied eye,
Yet mocked by her, however fast you fly,
Are you aware how horrible you look?
No guy invented for a picture-book
Was ever more a painful sight than thou,
Lord of the bent back and the anxious brow.
Oh, sit up straight, and try to wear a smile;
Be less intent to pile up mile on mile;
Enjoy the prospect as you glide along,
The trees, the sunshine, and the robin's song.
To us who view you scorching day by day,
Bent on your bar in such an awkward way,
You are the homeliest thing on earth, my lad.
Oh, sit up straight, and make the landscape
glad!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

IN AUTUMN.

Calm thoughts with autumn days I win,
As if I nearer were
Unto the solemn gathering-in
By the Last Harvester.

The Flowers I may no longer cull,
Each dew-wet gem a star;
Yet death, as birth, is beautiful
In things that beauteous are.

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

The Italian translation of *Black Beauty* may be obtained by travelers sailing for Italy, by addressing George T. Angell, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass. 10 cts. a copy, paper.

Please send subscriptions to *Treasurer*, not to the *Editor*.

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Will those who would like to receive such instructions please send requests to Mrs. Ruth Peterson, 37 Ridgemont Street, Allston, Mass.

I have a correspondent who would like to receive the May, 1906, number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, her number having been lost in the San Francisco earthquake. Please write to me for her address. (Miss) L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

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